

Poetry Series

Katelyn Hinman
- poems -

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Katelyn Hinman(April 15,1990)

Katelyn Hinman is your average clinically depressed, chain-smoking, pill-popping, run-of-the-mill teenage girl. She is a jaded wallflower, living off of ungodly amounts of nicotine and other people's misfortune. Everything and anything inspires her writing.

A Prelude

grandparents' day:
bagel halves
drill team demonstrations
hispanic modern art

i let both of my
mother's parents kiss me
on the mouth as they
depart

Katelyn Hinman

Anna

boat stave ribs and thin jutting hips
a cacophony of defiled desire
heaving through pretty pale blooming lips
she writhes alone on the funeral pyre

a skeletal frame and a quivering chest
penetrate confines of lackluster skin
grey macabre clouds foreshadow her rest
as she waits for the imminent to begin

a prayer is muttered and a match is struck
this execution painstakingly planned
delicate eyelids flutter and she ceases to buck
effaced by society's palsied hand

Katelyn Hinman

Bury Your Dead

i see your colored christmas lights are still up
in the very middle of august
you remind me of our first holiday together
tears descending your bare cheeks
cheeks i had tenderly kissed
years ago

i see your deadened evergreen tree
in front of the window
adorned in glazed bulbs
of every known shade
that we had picked out together
years ago

i see the porcelain nativity scene
on your wooden coffee table
baby jesus missing from the manger
that had been a family heirloom
passed down to you by your mother
years ago

i see the anguish in your saddened eyes
as i remind you that our first holiday has passed
that we are no longer together
your decorations should have been packed away
with the love that we shared
years ago

Katelyn Hinman

Fragile Youth

we shuffle home across the grainy sidewalk
shivering against the autumn chill as we do every afternoon
full backpacks and gaudy designer bags slung over our weary shoulders
as usual, i unwillingly overhear the conversation around me
the others casually debate the most tolerable slimfast flavor
<i>chocolate isn't bad, but banana so will make you barf</i>
chat idly and how they need to touch up their dark roots
<i>i'm gonna go a shade blonder this time, whaddaya think? </i>
and share indispensable shoplifting advice
<i>if you put the lipgloss in your purse, the alarm won't go off on you</i>

lost in conversation, they trudge ignorantly past the grade school
but i stop and contemplate the troupe of kindergartners
carefree and completely uninhibited
a chain-link fence enclosing them in their fluorescent plastic playground
they gleefully chase one another around the perimeter of the slide
<i>eeeeeeeeeeeeee! you're it, no tagbacks! </i>
show off their strings of food-coloring enhanced macaroni
<i>look, i made a necklace and a bracelet for mommy</i>
and pretend to be fearless jedi knights
<i>you're luke skywalker so you have to kiss her! it's in the movie</i>

despite their endless squeals of laughter and innocence
i wonder how long it will be before they are reckless teenagers
rash and insecure with pouty lips and arms akimbo
fingers down their throats or around their girlfriends' necks
they will shuffle home across the grainy sidewalk
shivering against the autumn chill
full backpacks and gaudy designer bags slung over their weary shoulders
i wonder how long it will be until they are where i am now
leaning against the rickety chain-link fence
pondering the fragile youth it surrounds

Katelyn Hinman

Greyscale (There Is Nothing In The World)

i often wonder what keeps me from committing suicide
last night it happened to be pasta (accidentally topped with tomato paste)
forty-ounce cherry-and-coca-cola frozen convenience store drinks
two brand-new packs of mentholated marlboros

there is nothing in the world like bad food and good company
there is nothing in the world like opening a fresh rectangular box of smokes
admiring each individual cigarette nestled in its place
there is nothing like the flick of the lighter

but i suppose there's nothing in the world
like choking down that generous mouthful of prescription pills
or swing from that rope
or inhaling something a bit more concentrated than nicotine

Katelyn Hinman

Happy Birthday

but i saw you today
without the delightful pleasure
of hasty introductions
of trivial formalities
self-righteous hello-nice-to-meets-yous

stretched out upon a bed of soiled sheets
i am a truck-flattened gumby action figure
in a too-big bra and too-tight panties
as the ceiling fan circles soundlessly

you were white in an innocent orbital abyss
another world between my jutting hipbones

stretched out upon a bed of sterile sheets
i am a barren beast: adolf's great-great-niece
in a tight orange sweatshirt and a stiff paper gown
as the window unit whirs wildly

you were deep crimson truth in unfeeling hands
another world between life and death

Katelyn Hinman

Hero/Heroin(E)

defeated

he sauntered wordlessly through the studio
piling whatever he could fit
into two flimsy plastic grocery bags

feigning

i return every week
the shiny chips dangling from my purse strap
like prized albatrosses

Katelyn Hinman

Hollow-Thunk Love

deep despicable entity oh how you spite me
to feel this in your core on a microscopic level

ions neutrons atoms molecules
serotonin receptors collapse beneath burden
like structures made from sugar
every little epicenter jounces with it
resonating startling familiarity
and it is stupid hollow-thunk love

air dense and reeking with humidity
fresh virginal unused
it smells like careless chlorination
a swimming pool tryst among fallen leaves
acid alternative enunciations
we leave our footprints on the windows

and we know when to leave
and we know what to say
and we know what to do

blunt deliberate allusions to the holocaust
cigarettes burnt way beyond the filter
letters to a baby that was never born
amounts too sickening to acknowledge

it gets warmer
and i get darker

Katelyn Hinman

I Want To Be Your Methadone

(red. green. yellow. blue.)

in my eyes the carnival lights bathe you in such a manner
they illuminate the dismal grey of your complexion
enchant that polyester tragedy upon your head
glamorize your sunken cheeks and protruding hipbones
if only they could rekindle the extinguished fire of your soul
heighten the delight in your unusually melodic voice
enlighten those who admire you only visually
emphasize that you are more than a girl wearing an ugly hat
(red. green. yellow. blue.)

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Into Heathen's Heaven

condensed crowded words in pink ink on fallow skin
trite innumerable nothings

scrub and scrub half-hearted lies from indignant palms
saliva substitutes soap
as electric hurried fury rises throughout
deft jaggedly-bitten fingernails

an exemplary cadence
scoured and soured
this hemorrhage seeping through loose bandages
into heathen's heaven-a godless void

(release)

scrub scrub scrub
this immaculate virgin light
shining through imprinted crescents
in taut hands, these tools of treachery
copernicus and newton disproved

alas-relief!

yet hands remain stained
fearfully fashioned
with inkghosts of paraphrased plath

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Lima Bean Meets The Infinite Silence

again i am sorry
little words

for a grandiose apology
how disgusting

all that i have
all that i fathom

drawn from the air
out of nothing

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Narcissus

chewing on ice relieves sexual tension, i offer

deliberately he crunches down
on what is left at the bottom of his dinner glass
with a scheming smirk

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Polyxena

hip cocked
precise curvature of womanhood
tapered and tailored
you say love handles
you say muffin top

displayed in funhouse mirrors
staggering and stumpy
convex and concave
we are real
we are truth

everything we know
has been
a lie

Katelyn Hinman

Twelve Days

awaiting that yellow bird
i settle like marine snow
ardorous, flat-on-my-face

twelve days
is the pulley restraining infallible truth
that wants to jump past lips and into ears

my being locks into your skin
packing myself tight into each delicate roadway
of veins and arteries
a longing to be the molecules of carbon dioxide
expelled with each and every staggering breath

there is no need to slip a band over your beak
there is no need to clip the flight feathers
beneath your butter-colored wings

i am the one who will peck at your insides
i am the one who will scatter in a squall of frightened cries
and a panicked flurry of flight

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